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B. R. BOWMAN
Business Manager

CHARLES W. MEIGHAN
Managing Editor

F. W. HENKEL
Eastern Representative, Chicago,

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THE WEATHER FORECAST.

UTAH—Local showers Sunday or Sunday night; cooler in north. Monday fair.

NO LEPROSY HERE.

Except for the fact that legitimate and reputable business institutions of Ogden have been injured by the ridiculous story, the recent reports which gained popular belief, that hair goods were unsanitary and that stores which handled women's hair goods were becoming infected with leprosy as a result.

The foolish yarn had its inception on a Chicago vaudeville stage, and sensational newspapers of the "Windy City," with characteristic avidity, seized the opportunity for enlarging upon it with a terrific array of "statistics" manufactured in the imagination of one of the cleverest of the "yellow" writers. An ignorant public, quick to grasp the sensational, took up the story, and as it traveled it grew in force and magnitude until by the time it reached Ogden every department store in the city had become a breeding place for disease germs.

Dealers, and not without some justification, believe that an effort to destroy the tremendous trade in this class of goods was made by competitors, and that to this end they lent every possible assistance to the promulgation of the falsehood. However that may be, the fact remains that the story, insofar as Ogden at least is concerned, is utterly false and without the slightest degree of foundation.

The Examiner has conducted a careful investigation simply to assure itself that the story was untrue in every regard. It has arrived at that conclusion and hastens to assure Ogden women that they are without danger from any ridiculous source, such as that alleged in the infamous rumors.

That Salt Lake City has discovered the same conditions is apparent from the following article published in one of its leading papers and reprinted from the Examiner's news columns of yesterday morning:

"A girl attending the Lafayette school is alleged to be responsible for the rumor that a large consignment of imported hair goods was destroyed by a Salt Lake City department store because the manager of the establishment feared that the goods might contain the germs of leprosy.

"Such rumors are declared to be absolutely without foundation. None of the department stores in the city has destroyed any hair goods, neither is there any fear among the merchants that the "rats" and turbans sold in the department stores in the city has a source of spreading leprosy or bringing it into this country.

"I. B. Needham, one of the department managers of the Z. C. M. I., said this morning that the idea of hair goods causing leprosy was the most foolish thing he had ever heard of. He said:

"'The fact that all hair goods are boiled and put through a chemical process before they are shipped does away with any idea that the goods might be responsible for leprosy in this country. The cheap woolen "rats" and turbans sometimes contain dust and dirt. Now, if a person has any scalp disease, or trouble this dust from the hair stuffs may cause a sore scalp. However, this leprosy idea is idiotic.'

"'Don't you suppose the United States government would have looked into this matter long before this and stopped the importation of such goods if there had been a possibility of the disease being transmitted in this manner? It surely would.

"'And another thing. The big hair goods factories employ their own chemists and physicians, who inspect every piece of work turned out, whether it be of real hair or artificial. They take no chance of putting dirty or unsanitary goods on the market.'

"Robert Patrick, one of the buyers of the Z. C. M. I., said this morning that he had made it a point to look into the matter and had secured information from the best hair goods authorities and manufacturers in the country to the effect that leprosy never had been traced to hair goods. He also said that, if the Z. C. M. I. entertained the slightest notion that the goods could carry the disease or would in any way be a menace to public health every piece of hair goods in the establishment would be destroyed in a hurry. He also mentioned that there is a standing rule at most department stores that no hair goods of any kind whatever can be returned to the store after once being purchased at the establishment."

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UNCLE SAM'S COOK BOOK.

Alas and alack for Mrs. Roorer; Uncle Sam's cook book is out and can be had for the asking. It is calculated to combat the high price trouble and is especially designed with a view to economy. It is issued by the department of agriculture.

Those who wish a free copy must ask for it by the prosaic name of "Farmers' Bulletin No. 391." It gives recipes only in relation to the economical use of meat in the home and is prepared by C. F. Langworthy, Ph. D., and Caroline L. Hunt, A. B., experts in nutrition.

Like every well-ordered cook book it contains tables of the composition of different kinds and cuts of meat in water, proteins, fats, etc., and goes beyond the average cook book in presenting a scientific treatise on digestion and the texture and flavor and digestive qualities of different cuts and methods of cooking.

Here is a sample recipe: "Take five pounds of a cheaper cut of meat, four cups of potatoes, in small pieces, two-thirds of a cup each of turnips and carrots cut into half-inch cubes, half an onion chopped, one-fourth of a cup of flour, salt and pepper." Then follows most explicit directions on how to cook the stew.

The cook book is designed in a manner suggesting the consideration of all races, for from the preparation of Chinese rice and German noodles it drifts to Hungarian goolash and poached eggs, Vienna style. And it's free—all free.—Butte News.

A BETTER PAPER.

Of interest to every citizen in Ogden is the announcement appearing on another page of this issue regarding a magnificent distribution of liberal awards for those who take sufficient interest in this paper's fight for the city's interests and a Greater Ogden, to help in the Examiner's success. Pursuing the same policy of liberality and justice that has characterized its conduct under the present management, we are making a greater offer than any ever before submitted to the local public.

The announcement this morning is in line with the plan to make the Examiner one of the leading newspapers of the west, that it may be truly representative of the city that is destined to become the true metropolis of the intermountain empire. A bigger, better paper means a greater Ogden, and the Examiner's success depends equally on the growth of the city. After you read the announcement we are sure you will want to join in the plan for helping both. A liberal reward awaits your conscientious efforts.

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RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.

Russia has suddenly reached an agreement with Austria, by which the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by the latter country, in evident violation of treaties, is virtually ratified. Ever since that coup d'etate the relations between the two countries have been less cordial, but now Russia has decided to swallow her resentment and join Austria in the maintenance of the new regime in Turkey and the "uplifting" of the Balkan peoples.

But the true explanation of this change of policy on the part of Russia may be found in Persia. The czar's government, it seems, is gradually incorporating northern Persia into the Russian domain, and while this process is going on it would be unwise to quarrel with Austria about the Balkan situation, says the Deseret News. It is not impossible that Russia and Austria may have reached some sort of an understanding with regard to Persia as well as Bosnia and Herzegovina, and that that accounts for the sudden resumption of cordial relations.

Russia now has 3,000 troops in Persia. Nobody seems to know under what pretense they are there, and the Persian minister of foreign affairs was dishonorably discharged two months ago because he could not explain their business in Persia. The Russians are said to be rough and tactless. Sometimes the soldiers tear the veils from the faces of the women, which is a deadly insult in Mohammedan countries, and they are hated; but in spite of all many Persians, it is said, are using the Russian flag and becoming subjects of the czar, so that the boy shah is losing subjects in great numbers. A correspondent of a Russian paper claims that entire tribes are revolting to the czar. He says that the Veramintzi, a tribe living on the outskirts of Teheran, declared themselves Russian subjects, hoisted the Russian flag over their village and refused to pay taxes to the shah or to acknowledge him in any way. The Russian flag, he says, waves in many places, "protecting not only Russians, but Persians wishing to become Russians, in all the important towns of northern Persia, from Tabriz to Ardebil, from Enzele to Astrabad and Meshed—under the protection of that flag is Prince Neibes-Salteneh, the brother of the Shah Muzaffer—Edina, also his sister, and the Princess Baina-Uzma."

The manner in which Russia obtained a military foothold in the country is characteristic. A notorious bandit, Rahmin Khan, it is supposed, was encouraged by the Russians to commit depredations in northern Persia. The Persian government sent a force against him and he fled into Russian territory. But, notwithstanding this, the Russians sent troops to occupy the district, at the same time refusing to deliver up Rahmin Khan on the ground that he was a political offender. Russia also maintains the ex-shah in princely magnificence in the Caucasus—a convenient place wherein to plot against his country.

The designs of Russia on Persia are evident. The understanding with Austria would be of no value to Russia in the furtherance of these designs in case the powers should consider the advisability of issuing a joint note to Russia. Austria would be in a position to delay negotiations on such a step; perhaps to defeat its purpose. It looks as if Persia were to pay for the loss of influence of Russia in the Balkan states.

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A RACE CONGRESS.

It is proposed to hold a congress in London, in July, 1911, for the purpose of discussing, from a scientific and practical point of view, the race question. It is to be a "Universal Race Congress," and especial attention will be given to the questions that have arisen from the relations that now exist between Asiatic peoples and the rest of the world. Questions of vital interest to the Chinese, Japanese, the East Indians, Turks, Persians, etc., will be discussed in the light of modern knowledge.

A congress of that kind ought to aid in the removal of many prejudices that now exist. There was a time when every nation looked upon its neighbors across the border line as barbarians and had all kinds of fun at their expense. This stupidity has been very largely removed, as the means of international communication have facilitated intercourse between neighbors. National prejudices have vanished. But racial prejudices still exist. An enormous lot of nonsense has been said and written about the insuperable barriers that separate races. A race congress ought to help us to obtain a more true conception of those barriers, if the questions are taken up in a scientific spirit and the promotion of truth is the only object in view. Those who have traveled a great deal and made observations are prepared to admit that the difference between races is not nearly so wide as many imagine.

At the London race congress next year political issues will be excluded. The American negro and the Indian will be discussed under the head of "The Modern Conscience in Relation to Racial Questions." Sir Harry H. Johnston, the distinguished writer and traveler, is chairman of the executive committee, and other prominent men are associated in the work of organization.—Deseret News.

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Feared Nothing Then.

"How brave!" exclaims the wife, after her husband, at the hushed hour of 3 a. m., has told her of his desperate resistance of three highwaymen who had attempted to hold him up only a block from home. "I did not dream you were so courageous. How does it happen that you dared to give them battle when any other man would have yielded weakly or would have run away if he had the chance?"

"My dear," explains the husband, "I had just finished nerving myself to meet you and explain what kept me out so late—and when I am in that frame of mind I'll defy anything."—Life.

A Rising Statesman.

The honorable member from the Steenth district, who had just taken his seat, suddenly sprang to his feet again.

"Mr. Chairman," he exclaimed, in ringing tones, "I rise to a question of personal privilege!"

"The chair recognizes the gentleman."

"I have a right to demand, sir," roared the honorable member, "the name of the billy-be-dinged galoot that stuck a bent pin in my chair!"—Chicago Tribune.

April Fool.

Bobbie ran into the sewing-room and cried:

"Oh, mamma! There's a man in the nursery kissing Fraulein."

Mamma dropped her sewing and rushed for the stairway.

"April fool!" said Bobbie, gleefully. "It's only papa."—Everybody's Magazine.

You Can't Spring Any Grandmother's Funeral

Guiana Students at Ann Arbor

ANN ARBOR.—The first native young woman from British Guiana to enter any university in the world is Miss Geraldine Sutherland of Essequeto University of Michigan two weeks ago.

Miss Sutherland is a native of British Guiana, dark of hair and skin, petite of stature and with a face so clean cut and slender that it looks as though chiseled by a sculptor. Miss Sutherland speaks a most perfect English, but her accent is so English that it is hard sometimes to follow what she is saying.

"Why did I come to Michigan?" she repeated after the reporter. "Why, because it's the best school in this country. You see, I had two years in the medical college at Toronto, but then I realized I was not getting the practical (Miss Sutherland pronounced it prac-tee-cle) knowledge that I needed. Then I went to England to see about taking the balance of my course there. But you see, in England one of the greatest disadvantages is in the fact that the women and the men do not study together, nor work together, with the result that because there are many more men than women studying medicine, the best cases are demonstrated before the men.

"The men see the best operations and the ones requiring the greatest skill, and the best lectures are reserved for the men."

Miss Sutherland's father, who, by the way, was educated in England, is at the head of a boys' school in Brit-British Guiana, where candidates for Oxford and Cambridge are prepared.

"When I decided to enter a university all the people in my country were horrified. Of course, our girls go to London and to France for finishing schools, but because I wanted to do something besides shine in society the people were horrified. They said I could not do it, but I can, and I will. Why, do you know if I could find 8,000 native men in British Guiana with the determination I have I could make a republic of my country in a short time. But I guess I'd not want to, after all, because I prefer a monarchial government; but at that I'd like it a little more progressive than mine.

"Why, do you know you Americans are beginning to find out our country and in a short time I suppose we won't know 'where we are going,' as you Americans say. Well, maybe you do say 'where we are at.' It's so ungrammatical, though."

And Miss Sutherland drew her wraps closer about her and shivered, looked out of the window and whispered partly to herself, "My Guiana, my nice, warm Guiana." Then she shivered again and asked how long cold weather lasted here, anyway.—Detroit Free Press.

Father of Phone System

An interesting sketch of a successful life is contributed to the April American Magazine in the shape of a short biography of Theodore N. Vail, the head of the American Telephone and Telegraph company, written by William J. Boies. The following is an excerpt from the article:

"Theodore N. Vail, father of the American Telephone system, narrowly escaped being a country doctor. After finishing his studies at the village academy he began to study medicine with his uncle in Morristown, N. J.

"Speedwell, near Morristown, was the birthplace of the telegraph, and the Vails were associated with Morse in its development, so that the telegraph was familiar to him from boyhood. He learned the Morse alphabet and was for a short time engaged in the telegraph business. He gave up medicine, went west to Omaha, was first with the Union Pacific railway, and then became a clerk in the railway mail service, and in 1875 went to Washington and soon was made general superintendent of the railway mail service.

"The telephone industry was then in its infancy. The 'talking machine' was little more than a toy. But young Vail had always been interested in it and saw big things ahead. After five years of government service, he left Washington to devote his entire time to the building up of the system which he believed to be peculiarly adapted for the rush work of American business life.

"He worked unceasingly for nine years with this single aim in view. At 42 he gave up business for two years of European travel. Then he went to South America, introduced the telephone system in the Argentine republic and equipped Buenos Ayres with a first-class system of street railroads of American design, from which he amassed a comfortable fortune and decided to retire from active business life. In 1893 he took possession of his wonderful farm of thirty-six hundred acres at Lyndonville, Vermont, where he expected to spend the rest fo his life in peace and quiet.

"All this time he had kept up his interest in American telephone affairs, retaining a large block of stock, and for a portion of the time serving the American Telephone and Telegraph company as a director. Early in 1907 Mr. Fish, the then president, being not in good health owing to his arduous labors during the very trying period of competitive promotion, decided to resign, and Mr. Vail was asked to take the presidency.

"Mr. Vail was born in Carrol county, Ohio, on July 16, 1845. He has the vigor of many men of 40 and has always conducted his business upon the basis of fair dealing with the public and frank publicity. As a result of the arrangement recently entered into with the Western Union Telegraph company, Mr. Vail hopes eventually to place some style of recording machine in the offices of banks, corporations or business houses having a large number of telegraph messages to send. By connecting this device with the telephone, it will be possible for a telephone subscriber to write out his own telegraph massage and have it instantly reproduced in the central office of the telegraph company for quick transmission anywhere."

COMPULSORY PROTECTION FOR THE POOR MAN

Prof. Henry R. Seager, writing in the April Survey, says that unskilled and unorganized workers generally show little desire for saving. They are apparently at the mercy of the law of supply and demand. Consequently, if we are to exterminate poverty, collectively rather than individually, other measures must be applied. In other words, some wage-earning families must be protected from losing standards of living which they have developed, and others without standards must be helped to gain them. This will necessitate obligatory insurance against accidents, illness, premature death, unemployment and old age.

GARDENS AS REFORMATORIES.

There are several ways of making better boys and girls out of unruly ones besides juvenile courts and reformatories. One of the successful methods, according to Mrs. Leonora A. Hamlin, writing in the April Survey, seems to get them interested in gardening. At any rate, South Chicago, through the Calumet Juvenile Protective league, worked out a scheme last spring that resulted not only in better youthful citizenship, but also in improved back yards and fences. The whole district became interested in hoeing and planting and watching things grow. In fact, the official bulletin of the department of health said that seeing the tenement districts blossom in the Eighth ward, "We do not wonder at the lowered baby death rate." The garden served to keep the yards clean and also added considerable to the family refrigerator.

THE TOUCH THAT FAILED.

The portly old gentleman had just finished a sumptuous dinner. As he turned to leave the waiter touched his arm, and in an insinuating manner, said:

"Haven't you-er-forgotten something, sir?"

"Why, yes, so I have," replied the old gentleman, "thank you for the reminder."

Lifting a plate, he pocketed the bill which had lain underneath it, and stalked out past the crest-fallen waiter.—From Norman E. Mack's National Monthly.

Spring Gardening Microbe Attacks City and Suburbanite

The spring gardening microbe is abroad in the land. It has attacked the city man, the suburbanite and the farmer. It is working insidiously in the mind of the man who will have a few window boxes on the rear porch of his flat, the man who will cultivate a little strip of land back of his cottage, the man of moderate means who has a little summer home over in Michigan and the man who owns a real summer home, out in the country districts.

It all started when the congressmen from the several districts sent out garden and flower seeds. They always do that every year, and when they do, the planting microbe begins to work. That starts things going. Then the seed houses do their share, too; for they mail out bushels and bushels of gaudily colored catalogues, and the magazines blossom forth with all sorts of garden advertisements and every one who has ever seen anything grow, or who has ever had a spade or hoe in his hand, begins to look for the mellow dirt, the fallow fields and the garden patch. The spring fever comes along when the maple trees begin to give out their sweet sap and the pussy-willows show gray along the streams.

The man with the big garden begins his plans early in January. He talks over seed, lays out the designs for his flower beds and even puts in his orders for seed while the snow is yet thick on the ground. The man with the little patch in town waits until the last minute before he lays in his stock, and the Saturday before he begins the garden—for he usually makes it on Sunday—he hastens to the seed store and there, with crowds of other impatient customers, buys his supply.

The Microbes at Work.

These are the times when the surburban trains are clustered up with hoes, rakes, spades and garden tools. The suburbanite bethinks him of the garden patch and as he passes the hardware store in the city he sees all sorts of tempting garden implements. He lays in a stock and insists upon lugging the tools home in the train, much to the annoyance of those who fall over the awkward bundles and bark their shins.

The proper seed for the lawn, the right way to plant radishes, and other interesting garden questions are topics of conversation in the trains to the exclusion of politics or the latest big sensation, and with the advent of the first robin every man with a garden patch as large as a Turkish rug subscribes for every garden publication on the list.

Seeds $90 Per Pound.

Pansy seed is not expensive, as a general rule, and yet there is a new variety which costs $30 per pound. One of the costliest vegetable seed is the cauliflower. As high as $2.50 an ounce is paid for this seed. Of course, one ounce ought to plant about a half acre of ground if the seed is used carefully.

In the crowded city, where space is limited, there are a few vegetables which can be raised easily and at a profit. The average city garden should consist of lettuce, radishes, Swiss chard, or summer spinach, beets, beans and onion sets. Peas take up too much room. Tomatoes can be raised in a small space. Almost every city garden will contain five or six tomato vines trellised, so they take up small space. Some city farmers, with little space, have found an ingenious way of raising cucumbers. They fill a barrel with soil and allow the vines to clamber down the sides.

The usual flower garden of the city is restricted to pansies, morning glories, nasturtiums and sweet peas. Asters and gladiolus and other showy flowers are not common. The above mentioned are easily grown and take up but little room in the cramped gardens of the poor. Some persons raise a succession of crops on the same ground each year. After the radishes are well under way they stick onion sets in the ground, and by the time the radishes are out of season young onions are ready for the table. Of the amateur gardener and his attempts to make things grow, it is related of one man, who had lived all his life in the city, and who, for some unknown reason, was attacked by the gardening microbe, that he planted a garden, after spending much money for seed, and awaited with impatience for the green things to sprout. In due time the warm sun and the spring rains brought out a vivid green crop, and the man viewed his little garden with pride every morning. By and by it came time to weed the plot, and he did so, picking out all the ugly looking weeds, as he supposed, and leaving the better looking plants to grow. But, it is sad to relate, when the garden had begun to grow vigorously it was found that he had pulled all the plants and left the weeds instead, and he had to do his work all over again by planting a later sort of vegetable.

Most people would be of the opinion that garden seeds are raised in America, but it is a fact that they are imported from all parts of the world, and vast quantities of seed come from Europe. France, Germany and Holland supply great quantities. It is because labor is cheaper there that seed raising is more profitable. The people of those countries are also more careful, and are willing to putter about at this sort of work with great patience. California, Michigan and Wisconsin are good seed-raising states.

Gardens for the Poor.

Fully 79 per cent of the onion sets raised in the United States are from Chicago. From 4,000 to 5,000 bushels are shipped out each season, and this crop nets the truck gardeners of the vicinity something like $750,000. These are raised by truck gardeners, who will devote from one-fourth of an acre to 200 or 300 acres to this crop, as the case may be.

Luther Burbank, who has caused some little sensation by his discoveries in the plant world, has not done very much for Chicago gardens.

For a number of years gardens for the poor have been maintained near Berlin, in Germany, where vacant land has been reserved for the townspeople of small means. These tracts have been laid out in small plots and from 200 to 300 families work these plots and raise their own vegetables. Men, women and children work these gardens, and they have been most successful in solving the problem of the poor in cities.

Many interesting stories are current. Your city man and your suburbanite plants his garden on Sunday. He may possibly work at it Saturday afternoon, but Sunday is usually given over to the garden, and, clad in overalls, the suburbanite may be seen almost any Sunday morning in the middle of April delving in the soil, sowing the seed and laying the foundation for future succulent vegetables. Many a man is compelled to hide behind his house on Sunday morning as the worthy rector goes by to his church in order that he may not be caught red-aanded with his spade. And many a time, when the spring is in the air, the wife goes alone to church while her husband remains behind to plant the radish, the lettuce or the summer spinach seed, or to stick out the onion sets. The city man also spends his Sunday mornings in his little garden patch. First he seeds it, and then after the seeds begin to grow he spends his Sunday mornings pulling weeds and cultivating his growing crop.

When it comes to making garden the man sows his money, of course, according to his space. The average cost of seed for a small town garden patch is from $2 to $3. The man with a summer house spends much more, and the institutional gardeners spend vast sums. Take the garden out at Dunning, for example. The seed bill there will be about $1,500 a year. Some of the rich men of Chicago pay $100 a month for seed of various sorts. The seed bill last year of the asylum for the insane at Kalamazoo, Mich., was $3,000. It is estimated that big institutions of this sort usually spend from $4,000 to $5,000 annually. There are some seeds that cost only a few cents for each packet, but there are others that are worth their weight in gold. Take a certain kind of double petunia, for instance. The man who wants to raise this flower must pay $12 for one sixty-fourth of an ounce. It is a fact that there is hardly a big seedhouse in the whole country that has more than an ounce of this seed on hand.

Last season the United Charities of Chicago looked into this matter, and the City Garden association was the result. A tract of land near the Bridewell was obtained, and there numerous families took plots of land and cultivated them. The results were so encouraging that the association will have three tracts under cultivation this year, and the spring campaign is now in full swing for these garden tracts.

The Bridewell tract will be retained and this will accommodate about 100 families. Another generous tract has been obtained at Fifteenth street and Forty-eighth avenue, and this will provide garden spots for 100 families. At the corner of Grand avenue and Washtenaw street another piece of land has been gained by the association, which will give 100 more families garden plots. The association furnishes everything. The land is plowed, fertilized and made ready for the seed, which is also furnished. The ground is divided into plots, an eighth of an acre in extent. For the use of a plot a family pays the association $1.50 per year.

Squashes Run Away.

The greater part of the people who take advantage of these gardens are foreigners who have been used to gardening in their home countries. Each nationality has its favorite vegetable. The Irish, for example, plant more potatoes than anything else. The Germans must have their cabbage and kale, and the Italians run to tomatoes, which they use in preparing their favorite dishes.

Last season some of the gardeners insisted on planting squashes on the bridewell tract, with the result that the vines spread all over and took up lots of room. Some of the vines even ran away, and insisted on spreading into the domains of some of the neighboring gardens. A bungalow has been established at this garden, where the people find a place in which to rest, and where they can eat their luncheons and find shelter in case of storm.

The people who care for the gardens are the grandmothers and the grandfathers of the families, as a general thing; people who are too old to do hard labor. One blind man, guided by his little lame daughter, took care of a garden plot there last season and raised a good crop of vegetables. A man with a broken arm, who was unable to take up his usual work, farmed a little patch and raised vegetables for his table also.—Will Reed Dunroy in Chicago Record-Herald.

AN HONEST DEMOCRAT.

One of the best known Democrats in New Jersey—known for his enthusiasm for the party day in and out—is an insurance man, known legally and otherwise as Frank Tilden McBride. Mr. McBride is vice president of the Jeffersonian club, Jersey's leading Democratic club.

Mr. McBride is never anxious to have this story told about him because it may bring to light a phase of his character that might cause an injury to his business—as a fire loss adjuster for a large company.

The door of his office was opened the other day and a shabbily dressed individual came in.

"Are you the man who advertised that he had found a purse containing a considerable sum of money?"

The insurance man nodded his yes.

"You mentioned the fact that the owner could have the purse by applying and describing the pocketbook.

"Yes."

"Thank you, that is all I wanted to know."

"But you must give me a description before you can claim it."

"Oh, I haven't lost any purse," was the reply as the shabbily dressed person edged to the door, "I merely wished to see what a Democrat and an insurance men looked like who will find a large sum of money and advertise for the owner instead of having a good time with it. Good day."—From Norman E. Mack's National Monthly.

To scour brass, dip half a lemon in table salt, rub briskly over the surface, wash off with clear water and dry.

Lemons that have become hard from long standing can be usable by covering them with boiling water before using.

The creaking of a door can be stopped at once by rubbing the hinge with a piece of soap or with the lead of a black pencil.